

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

IT IS THE DAY OF DAYS IN THE SCHOOLGIRL'S CALENDAR.

The Wedding Gown in All Its Glory Cannot Compare with the Raiment of the Sweet Girl Graduate—When Uncertain Latin Rolls from Rosy Lips.

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HAT is the most important event of a woman's life? Her marriage, do you say? Nonsense! From all over the country a chorus of sweet dissenting voices will inform you that your standpoint is wrong; that in comparison with her graduation from college a woman's marriage is quite a secondary affair. To the average schoolgirl commencement is stupendous—an awful occasion. It is the Mecca toward which her eyes are ever steadfastly turned. The brilliant, ambitious girl regards it as an apotheosis—an hour when her gifts and talents shall receive their due appreciation; the faithful, plodding girl looks forward to it as a possibility, an opportunity, a reward, and the frivolous girl anticipates its chances as a show for good clothes.

And a word about that graduating gown. What hours of delicious thought it fills! What maiden meditations are given to it. What fertility of design is employed in its construction, and with what rapture is it worn. Even the wedding gown can scarcely compete with it on the line of pleasurable sensations. Tell me, madam, you who graduated years ago, do you remember those nights after the last bell had rung and you were supposed to be fast asleep in your little bed, how you stole forth, wrapped in a blanket, and sped down the deserted corridors to Molly's or Peggy's or Sue's room, there to huddle in the moonlight while you munched caramels and discussed and planned the graduating gowns?

And then do you remember the day when the great pasteboard box was delivered at your room and a cry was sent along the hall to this and that chum's door, "Come in, girls, it has come," and when the last one had arrived and stood in breathless expectancy how you lifted it from its folds of silver paper and held it reverently in your arms, in all its crisp muslin and fluffy lace and fluttering ribbons? Do you fancy you will ever forget one detail of that gown?

Commencement day and class day are neighbors, though they represent quite different phases of college life. Class day is the students' own hour of fun, frolic and travesty. On this day they may speak and act according to their own fancy. It is the joyous farewell to a happy four years—a bit of well bred Bohemianism. But commencement day is quite another sort. It is of the strictly decorous and ceremonial type. It is invested with dignity and haloed with majesty. If class day is Bohemian, commencement is the embodiment of college conventionality.

So, then, when this supreme day dawns, there is in every college a gentle ripple of well regulated excitement, tinged with mild melancholy. A hush falls like a benediction over the halls and corridors. The hour of parting is not far away, and the groups of shining eyed, rosy cheeked and white gowned girls suddenly assume a more serious air and banish the gayety with which they planted the tree or the ivy on class day.

Then comes the hour when proud fathers, happy mothers, sisters, cousins and aunts, with a plentiful besprinkling of other girls' brothers crowd the chapel. Then that never to be forgotten walk up the aisle to the platform, while the organ's tones swell through the windows out over the campus, where the girls will never walk again as happy, careless students.

The salutatory—ah! who can do justice to that stately figure who rolls the unctuous Latin from her rosy lips? Her relatives listen in amazement. Can it be that this profound young woman, who is wrestling with a dead language, punishing its vowels and putting its consonants to flight, is their Eliza?

But when the sensation caused by this maiden has died away it is followed by a succession of oratorical earthquakes,



MUNCHED CARAMELS AND DISCUSSED AND PLANNED.

each more marvelous than the other. The sweet girl graduate thinks nothing of attacking the most erudite subjects. The carelessness with which she will approach a topic which would make a strong man shudder is proverbial. With apparent unconcern as to results she directs her batteries upon such questions as "Are Mechanics and Morals Co-equal?" "Anarchy or Nihilism—Which?" "Is the Ether Habitable?" "What is Universal Polarity?" "Shall the Astral Shell Endure?"

After these questions are disposed of in a manner calculated to make scientists shake in their boots, other clear cut feminine minds will descend upon the doctrines of Buddha, the teachings of

Confucius or the political economy of John Stuart Mill. Then will come a thesis upon electrical research or prison reform or suppression of crime; and these dainty little darlings will glibly rattle off platitudes and truisms with an air which will convince the unenlightened that they actually know something about their subjects.

Practical topics, such as "How to Build a House," "The Best Way to Trim a Bonnet," "Care of Sick Babies," "How to Save Money," "Chunks of Pudding and Pieces of Pie," are always ignored. The only way to gain knowledge on these homely subjects is by bitter experience. Buddha is more elevating than beefsteak or babies, and Confucius is of more importance than corn fritters.

But when the last peg has been driven into the Middle Ages and the last prop has been removed from under tumbling monarchies, and speedy victory for all reforms has received a final boost, then comes the climax of the day. The valentorian rises.

But there are not adjectives sufficient in the English language to do justice to this picturesque and popular person. She is the quintessence of learning and the concentration of wisdom. She is a favorite, for personal feelings have a certain influence in her selection. She is beautiful, graceful and magnetic and she leaves her audience in a limp and disheveled condition and her fair fellow graduates in a state of collapse.

It is over. The sheepskins, tied with white ribbon, have been delivered. The president, with faltering voice, has made the speech of farewell. The plaintive and solemn tones of the organ have died away. Parents have tenderly and proudly kissed their prodigies of wit and learning. The fair girl graduates are back in their rooms.

Off come the dainty white frocks to be packed in the big trunks which stand open waiting for their last burden. Traveling gowns are donned, and then from the rooms, dismantled and forlorn, goes up a wail of grief. Last goodbyes are uttered in voices choked with sobs. Vows of eternal friendship are renewed. Kisses and embraces are frequent and fervent. There is an exchange of gifts, of pictures, reiterated promises to write and then begins the exodus.

Carriage after carriage rolls away, carrying trunks, bouquets, reddened eyes and redder noses. Down the broad avenue, past the lake where she pulled stroke oar, past the "gym," where she danced and whirled the Indian clubs; past the little theater where she played Claude Melnotte to Elsie's Pauline; under the great lodge gate whirled the carriage.

The happiest time of her life is done. The sweet girl graduate is out in the world. Long she leans from the carriage to look back at the campus dotted over with daisies, and to catch the final glimpse of the college towers.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

PROFESSOR J. P. SOUSA.

The Famous Marine Band Director Will Go to Chicago.

Chicago is highly elated, and the city of Washington is correspondingly depressed, over the decision of John Philip Sousa to leave the famous Marine band which he has directed since 1881, and locate in Chicago for the purpose of there organizing and conducting a great military band. Professor Sousa will be under contract for a term of years to an amusement company, and will receive as remuneration for his services a salary of \$6,000 a year.

Professor J. P. Sousa, besides an interest in the profits of the concern with which he will be connected. There is a guarantee that the great leader's income will be two as great during the second, third and fourth years as during the first year. In addition to this the syndicate has purchased a half interest in his unpublished compositions and in all that he may write during the next five years.

When Sousa took charge of the Marine band in 1881 it was in a moribund condition, and was the butt of many a minstrel joke. But under the management of the energetic and accomplished Sousa it soon became famous, until today it represents all that is best in military music in the United States. Today no official-social function in Washington is considered complete without the Marine band, and as the people at large enjoy the privilege of hearing the music at least twice every week, it is not surprising that they contemplate with regret the departure of the man who has done so much to amuse and instruct them during the last decade.

While Professor Sousa is known principally through his connection with the Marine band, it is a fact not generally known that most of the successful comic operas of recent years contain either overtures, entr'acte music or marches written by him. His compositions for military bands are known and played in every part of America and Europe. Altogether his original musical compositions will probably not fall far short of 300.

Mr. Sousa's work in Washington had sapped his strength to such an extent that his health was seriously impaired, and at one time it was even rumored that his mind was giving away under the strain. This report proved, fortunately, to be entirely without foundation, and a protracted European trip last summer, with the consequent absence from work, made a "new man" of the popular director, and he has since enjoyed perfect health. It is whispered that in the near future Professor Sousa may compose the music for an opera. If he can find a libretto to suit him. Should he decide to do so, something noteworthy and above the seessaw jingle of the average "comic opera" of the present day may confidently be expected.

A BRIGHT YOUNG MAN.

Hon. John L. McLaurin, Attorney General of South Carolina.

When Attorney General Y. J. Pope, of South Carolina, was elected as associate justice of the state supreme court, Hon. John L. McLaurin was made attorney general in his stead. He was but thirty-one years of age, and is probably the youngest man in the United States holding a similar position. Mr. McLaurin found the great Coosaw phosphate case, involving the right to mine in territory containing millions of dollars' worth of rich deposits, in an unfinished condition. The case had to go to the supreme court of the United States, and the youthful attorney general had the satisfaction of hearing the decision pronounced in favor of South Carolina.



JOHN L. McLAURIN.

Mr. McLaurin inherits his precocity. His father was a native of Marlboro county, S. C., and though he died in the service of the Confederacy in 1864 at the age of thirty-five he had achieved a considerable reputation as a politician, lawyer and orator. In fact he was a member of the general assembly of the state at twenty-four and was the first honor man when he graduated from college a few years before.

The present attorney general of South Carolina was born in Red Bluff, Marlboro county, where he lived until his mother, having remarried in 1867, removed to Englewood, N. J., a few years later. John's education was received at the primary schools near his birthplace. In Swarthmore college, near Philadelphia, and in the Carolina Military Institute in Charlotte, N. C., where he graduated in 1880. He then took the law course at the University of Virginia and was admitted to the bar in 1882, beginning to practice in Bennettsville, where he has since lived.

Mr. McLaurin, although a man of fine attainments, was noted particularly as a jury lawyer. His great eloquence making him particularly effective in this branch of his profession. He paid no attention whatever to politics until the farmers' movement began to assume shape in 1888, when letters written by him to the Charleston World attracted attention to the fact that he possessed political "farsight" of no mean order. His election to the lower branch of the general assembly followed soon after, and he was a member of that body when he was called to his present exalted position. Mr. McLaurin was a great athlete at college, and he has not yet lost his taste for outdoor sports, although his participation in them is now, naturally, confined to the role of spectator.

Dr. Parkhurst's Wife.

In all the gossip, news, criticism and praise of Dr. Parkhurst's crusade for reform in New York city, the name of the woman who encouraged him by her sublime confidence and unswerving faith to continue the work which he has mapped out for himself has not been mentioned. Mrs. Parkhurst is a matronly looking lady, in the second beauty of her womanhood. She has large, soft brown eyes that seem to look into one's heart with an expression of sincerity. Her face is indicative of thought and a full appreciation of the seriousness of life rather than of great force of character. Her hands are delicate and pretty, and she uses them gracefully.

Mrs. Parkhurst dresses plainly, with very little ornamentation about her apparel, and she gives the visitor the impression of being a thorough "home lady" and an ideal housewife. But the predominating, the absorbing characteristic of Mrs. Parkhurst is her devotion to her husband, and her implicit confidence in the wisdom of all that he does. Every sneer intended for the doctor passed lightly by him and found lodgment in the gentle heart of his faithful helpmeet. She felt every unkind word, and does not hesitate to admit that she did.

However, this quiet little body can be sarcastic when aroused, as is evidenced by the following reply which she made to a question as to whether Dr. Parkhurst minded the harsh criticism and violent abuse that appeared in some papers. She said, with considerable spirit: "He was philosophical about it, and considered the source. The unprincipled class hate him as they do the devil—worse, in fact, for he has no terror for them but as good people hate the devil. They are morally irresponsible. For truth they do not entertain even a vague regard, and where there is no truth there can be no honor. To notice the utterances of such persons in court or in print would be folly. They are beneath the dignity of contempt. Liars are generally cowards, and one of the weapons of cowardice is the anonymous letter." It is said that Dr. Parkhurst consults his wife about all his work and has great confidence in her judgment.



Mrs. William Lohr.

Of Freeport, Ill., began to fail rapidly, lost all appetite and got into a serious condition from Dyspepsia. She could not eat vegetables or meat, and even toast distressed her. Had to give up housework. In a week after taking

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